

# Footprints

## A Tribe Called Quest

As we start trudging, me and my brothers we be looking and be bugging  
Vehicles of life they be rolling and be nudging  
Searching for the virgins of life  
That be shoving out the door that's crack  
The valleys of time, are always on my feet  
As least the beat will combine  
The calluses and corns with the funky bassline  
You don't need underdog for a nickel shoeshine or the shoes that's phat  
Well can I get a level on  
the bass and on the treble  
Footing up and down like a UNLV Rebel  
The answer be amongst us cos we rarely dig acoustics  
Can't be too much flacking, not too much packing  
You must container that at least to dip your hand in rap  
Your feet will be infectious so at least realise the fact  
The rhythms are inserted and the nurse can be converted  
This ain't rock 'n' roll cos the rap is in control  
If you're a megastar, worth will buy you a car  
I'd rather go barefooting, for prints I will be putting  
All over the earth if we can get there first  
Now that we are in it, footprints are being printed  
So if you recognize em, you can try to size em  
They'll probably be the ones with the size not frying  
All over reveal, you won't have to yield  
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield  
You can game on the gallons if you really need to rock  
But we walk while we talk as we stomping through the block  
Hand in hand 'cross the land as  
Muhammad cross the fade  
It's a Tribe who meanders, precious like a jade  
It's a art, Theo arch rhymes the ground placed upon  
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond  
Catch the track, track by track, get a map to track a trail  
You will find yourself behind for a map does not prevail  
See the levels peaking as the rhythms keep-a screeching  
A Quest, oh yes a Quest, inside the jam I will keep preaching  
The point, oh yes the point, because it's close but yet so far  
The loudness is ringing as we scoot across the star  
We are bulging, I'm indulging in a rat-a-tat-tat  
Explanation for the liners that the rhythm is phat  
Keep it wild, wide and deep, you could dig it  
in a jeep  
But dig it in the ground because the foot print now  
If there's a storm that's brewing, it won't keep  
us from doing  
Our thing as we start swinging, travelling is bringing  
Joy inside the domes as we hit the road to

roam/Rome

A chair is not a chair, a house is not a home  
Because my skin is brown, yo I'm gonna do the town  
Rub it in the face and rub my feet all through the place  
When you get your finger on the music it'll linger  
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singer  
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that  
Remember me, the brother who said "Black is black"  
You can come by request, I don't play, I don't dress  
Get emotions off your chest, we are black, we the best  
Making moves, making motions, flowing like an ocean  
The walking will continue, we know that we will bring you  
The times that you have waited, more anticipated  
Be gone but not for long because the feet will stay strong  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>